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Literature

Balzac's "Sons of the Soil" *

THIS FIFTEENTH volume of Miss Wormeley's excellent series of translations from Balzac was considered by Balzac himself the most important of the works he had undertaken. It is certainly the most sad and terrible. One weeps over 'Eugénie Grandet,' wonders over the 'Peau de Chagrin,' worships 'Séraphita' and its sublime mysticism, but is dumb at the horrors unfolded by 'Les Paysans' ('Sons of the Soil'). If Balzac had said 'insects, rodents, bats, hyenas that infest and destroy the soil,'—not human beings,—he would better have described the Walpurgis Night of creeping and abominable things that swarm between the covers of this book,—'the Robespierre with one head and twenty million hands,' whom he calls the 'peasantry,' and pillories with infernal maledictions. It is edifying indeed to read such a volume in the light of George Sand's pure and lovely 'Bagpipers' (also a pleasant romance of geographically almost the same region) lately reviewed in these pages. All things sweet and of good report abound in the woman's book, over which the sunshine of sympathy streams bountifully. In the man's we have an epic of crime enacted by the same people, mis-called the 'sons of the soil,' for (as they appear in Balzac's diorama) they are sons of the devil. For eight years the romancer shrank (he tells us) from writing his romance: and it would have been well had he locked his lips forever. A more furious outcry of would-be aristocracy against the proletariat, immemorially known as the reservoir, in every clime, of every nascent germ of virtue and honor, was never uttered by a metropolitan mind worshipping its abstractions conjured up between the walls of a city, instead of studying the living examples, the concrete classes, in the provinces themselves. If Balzac's view of the French tillers of the soil were true, we should despair of the future of France. He depicts them as a race of thieves and murderers, whose whole lives are one long sacrilege, who live and breathe impurity, who plunder their neighbors from the time they are born, and who are absolutely without one redeeming trait of virtue or goodness. The proprietor of Les Aigues, a famous country place in Burgundy, buys the property and endeavors to improve it to the best of his knowledge and ability. In cultivating and improving his estate, he wounds the sensibilities and tramples on the traditions (often without knowing it) of the surrounding villagers. Instantly a legion of malign activities spring into life: his trees are 'ringed,' his vintage is lessened, his steward is murdered, and he, a general of the Empire, is threatened with assassination. In the end the beautiful chateau and its lands are laid in waste, the general is driven to ignominious sale and flight, and the peasants possess themselves of his acres. One or two bright spots relieve this diabolic gloom, across which Balzac shoots his sinister prophecies of the results of peasant proprietorship. He has conjured up not so much 'sons of the soil' in his Jeremiad as the gnomes and goblins

that dwell beneath it, creatures of his dreams, monsters of his dyspepsia, a proletariat peopling hell, not the gay, gracious countryfolk of Sunny France.

"Black Beauty" *

MISS SEWELL may not have a mind as powerful as that of the author of 'Gulliver's Travels,' but 'Black Beauty: His Grooms and Companions' will do vastly more than that incomparable satire to convince mankind of the stupidity of treating the horse as an infinitely inferior animal. The happy thought has occurred to her, not of making a plea for the horse, but of letting the horse make a plea for himself. And a still happier thought is that of robbing the plea of tediousness by making it dramatic. The little book (of which nearly 100,000 copies have already been sold in England alone) is the autobiography of a horse; and such is the author's skill in the art of narration, that the story is as readable as a novel—much more readable than the average novel of to-day. No wonder it has had so large a sale across the ocean. We should rejoice if its popularity in this country should prove to be even greater.

Black Beauty is the grandson of the winner of a famous race. 'The first place that I can well remember was a large pleasant meadow, with a pond of clear water in it. Some shady trees leaned over it, and rushes and water-lilies grew at the deep end. Over the hedge on one side we looked into a plowed field, and on the other we looked over a gate at our master's house, which stood by the roadside. At the top of the meadow was a grove of fir trees, and at the bottom a running brook overhung by a steep bank.' We call this an auspicious beginning; and we leave it to any imaginative reader whether he does not feel, in reading it, that he has seen that pleasant meadow through a horse's eyes. Till he is four years old, our autobiographer nibbles the grass at Farmer Grey's. Before half that time has passed, he has seen a man's neck broken and a horse's legs (his own brother's, they proved to be) in jumping a brook at the hunt. Then the unpleasant experience of being broken in to harness and the saddle has to be gone through. To accustom him to the steam-cars, he is turned into a meadow skirted by a railway, where some sheep and cows are feeding. A week or two of this, and he minds the noise and smoke as little as do the cows and sheep. 'Thanks to my good master's care, I am as fearless at railway stations as in my own stable.' As a four-year-old, Black Beauty is sold to Squire Gordon, whose son was the hapless youth that met his death while riding Black Beauty's brother.

At Birtwick Hall, Beauty's *entourage* consists of the Squire and his wife, their daughters Flora and Jessie ('Miss Flora' and 'Miss Jessie,' the autobiographer never fails to call them), John Manly the coachman, James Howard the stable-boy, Ginger the mare, Merrylegs the pony, the old brown hunter Sir Oliver, and Justice the roan cob. These various characters—the occupants of the stable being quite as distinctly individualized as the dwellers in the hall—run through a good part of the book; and if the reader fails to take a keen interest in them from the fact that they are described from the point of view of a horse, he should have his mind mended and his heart set in the right place before it is too late. When Mrs. Gordon's health fails and the household at Birtwick is broken up, Black Beauty and Ginger are sold to the Earl of W—— and sent off to Earlshall. Here their lot is less happy than when John Manly had them in charge: the coachman is well meaning, but Lady W—— has notions of stylishness that render her hateful to the team that has the honor to draw her carriage. Ginger is spoiled by hard riding, and Beauty has his knees skinned by a drunken groom. We cannot follow the hero through all his changes of place and occupation; suffice it to say that he runs the whole range, from being my lady's carriage horse in

* Sons of the Soil. By Honoré de Balzac. Translated by Miss K. P. Wormeley. \$1.50. Boston: Roberts Bros.

* Black Beauty: His Grooms and Companions. By Anna Sewell. 25 cts. Boston: American Humane Education Society.

the country, to serving at a cabstand in London (once with a good master, once with a bad). In this long experience, he discovers that it is not always the handsomest stable that makes the happiest home. Sometimes in his own person, sometimes in that of the other characters in the book, he lays down, informally, a complete body of rules by which men should be governed in their relations with dumb beasts, particularly horses. And not only does one discover the whole duty of man in this connection, but the whole duty of horses is as plainly set forth. The tone of the tale is not namby-pamby; it is proved to demonstration that wise and considerate treatment of a horse yields the handsomest possible return in efficient service.

The sub-title of the book is 'The "Uncle Tom's Cabin" of the Horse.' This may prejudice against it those who are weary of the changes that have been rung on a title excellent in itself but little capable of adjustment to other uses. But 'Black Beauty' is a capital name, and will soon be a household word in this country. The paper-covered volume, though it contains 245 well printed pages, is sold at the news-stands for twenty-five cents; the wholesale price is still lower, and the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals could spend no part of its funds to better purpose than in buying copies and distributing them among people who have the charge of horses. Is it significant, we wonder, that its cis Atlantic publishers, the American Humane Education Society, should have their offices in Milk Street? Surely there is no lack of the milk of human kindness among the members of so benevolent a body.

Schopenhauer's "Wisdom of Life" *

THIS LITTLE BOOK is a translation of the first part of Schopenhauer's 'Aphorismen zur Lebensweisheit,' and is devoted to a consideration of the means of happiness. It is not a regular philosophical work in which everything is deduced from a few fundamental principles; it belongs rather to the same class of writings as Bacon's essays, the thoughts it presents being generalizations from experience and observation. There is very little in the book of the author's peculiar metaphysics, his disagreeable pessimism cropping out only occasionally; and those who like the kind of literature to which it belongs will find pleasure and perhaps profit in reading its pages. It is well known that Schopenhauer denied the possibility of real and permanent happiness; but he is obliged to admit that there is some happiness in the world, and he here undertakes to tell us how such happiness may be attained. The two great foes of human happiness are, in his opinion, pain and boredom, men of high intelligence being most liable to the former and those of low intelligence to the latter, while life in general is a perpetual oscillation between the two. How to escape them both is therefore the question.

In considering the various means and conditions of happiness, Schopenhauer rightly insists on the importance of personal qualities, including health, as the main factors in well-being, though the two other factors that he dwells upon—wealth and reputation—receive a full share of attention. With regard to wealth, he insists strongly on the importance of a moderate competence, more especially to intellectual workers, to whom leisure is so necessary; but any greater amount he looks upon with indifference. In speaking of honor and reputation he has some excellent remarks on the false honor of chivalry and on the custom of duelling—remarks that have not yet lost their timeliness in Germany, however it may be in more civilized countries. The principal defects of the book are two: In recounting the means of happiness Schopenhauer scarcely alludes to the pleasures that spring from the domestic affections, while those more elevated ones that come from disinterested service to mankind he does not even mention. He dwells, indeed, on the pleasure of intellectual pursuits, but he looks upon such

pursuits from their selfish side only; and thus the peculiar and lasting happiness that can only arise from loving service to humanity is wholly ignored. We may add that the second part of the 'Aphorismen zur Lebensweisheit,' translated by the same hand, will shortly appear under the title of 'Counsels and Maxims.'

Mantegazza on "Physiognomy" **

A TREATISE on physiognomy, like one on æsthetics, holds a position midway between science and literature. No writer could more appropriately undertake such a work than Dr. Mantegazza, the eminent professor and senator, who is distinguished as an author in both departments. His many scientific publications, as well as his works of travel and fiction, show him to be alike keen in observation and apt in description,—qualities of the first importance for a work of this character. His experiences, gathered among almost all races of the globe and in every rank of society, have well fitted him for the task he has undertaken in his latest volume.

'This book,' his preface informs us, 'is a page of psychology—a study on the human countenance and on human expression. Scientific both in its end and in its method, it takes up the study of expression at the point where Darwin left it, and modestly claims to have gone a step further.' Darwin, as is well known, attempted to show that certain expressions of emotion in men were derived from the natural gestures, so to speak, which their animal predecessors had found useful for defence or for other purposes. The sneer of contempt or defiance, for example, which elevates the corner of the upper lip, is the descendant of the movement by which an angry brute bares the tusks which are its natural weapons. Darwin was by no means the first to study these resemblances between men and the lower animals. The earliest works on physiognomy abound with such observations. But he was the first to trace many of the expressions to their apparent origin. Prof. Mantegazza, without entirely concurring in all the views of Darwin, has followed to some extent in the same line. But he has sought to go deeper for the foundations of his science. The old phrenology of Gall and Spurzheim offered what seemed the elements of a real science of physiognomy. Each 'organ' of the brain had its 'pole' in the face. The domestic affections clustered about the lips,—and hence kissing. Firmness had its pole between the upper lip and the nose,—and thus arose the injunction to 'keep a stiff upper lip.' All this, unhappily, is brushed away. By modern phrenology—which is perhaps to be exploded in its turn—the brain is chiefly given up to the five senses. Dr. Mantegazza has promptly and ingeniously modified his science to accord with the new style. The sight, we are told, corresponds to the intellect. Objects are ugly because they pain 'the intellectual sense, the most fertile source of ideas.' The sense of hearing belongs more particularly to the affections; that of smell to pride. We 'turn up the nose' at anything we despise. To the sense of taste belongs, appropriately enough, the feeling which was formerly known as 'love of approbation.' Whatever wounds this feeling is bitter to us.

These suggestions are certainly curious, but the analogies seem somewhat fanciful. It may be doubted if we have as yet—whatever the progress of science may bring us hereafter—any true basis for a science of facial expression. Our knowledge of this subject is still in a large degree empirical. The child, and even the dog, share the elements of this knowledge with the philosopher. Still, even in this empirical study, the facts and results collected during many centuries have not been without fruit. If we cannot always accept Prof. Mantegazza's reasoning, we must admit that his conclusions are generally sound. In comparison with his views, those of Dalla Porta and even of Lavater seem of

* The Wisdom of Life. By Arthur Schopenhauer. Trans. by T. Bailey Saunders. \$1. New York: Scribner & Welford.

** Physiognomy and Expression. By Paolo Mantegazza. \$1.25. (Contemporary Science Series.) New York: Scribner & Welford.

slight value and often absurd. He writes always with excellent feeling, and often with a fine discernment and a happy style of description, which make his book very agreeable reading. There is also quite enough of physiology and of ethnology to fairly entitle it to a good place in a library of modern science.

Balg's Gothic Glossary *

DR. BALG of Mayville, Wis., who has been working for some years on his Comparative Glossary of Gothic, English and German, has lived to hand in the ninth and concluding part, and this despite the rather pathetic fact that he had to set up a part of the types himself and teach and train his assistants to do the rest. That such a work should issue from Wisconsin speaks well for Germanic philology in the Northwest, and its general accuracy of type and statement reflects credit on the indefatigable compiler. We had glossaries of Gothic before, but none so extensive on the comparative side as this. To give an idea of the enormous labor expended in its preparation it will be enough to add that under the word *wisan*, to be, there are 16 or 17 octavo columns of closely printed references, discriminated meanings, comparisons with cognate languages, and the like: in itself a dissertation. *Wairthan*, to become, and other important words are similarly treated, and illustrated from all the kindred dialects. Skeat, Kluge, Shade, Fick and other philologists intervene at every point to help out the etymological puzzles that abound in Gothic and old High German. The author brings in his own native German dialect of Efferen to assist in solving difficulties. Occasionally his zeal runs away with him, and he etymologizes in a discursive way that is irritating and inconclusive. Specialists have pointed out serious errors here and there, as in the treatment of Gothic *fridhnan*, to ask, *banja*, a wound, *nagaths*, naked, *skewjan*, to go, *jinka*, strife, anger, and the like. His Sanscrit is often at fault, and erroneous spellings and diacritical marks have crept into his quoted forms, while an occasional Gothic word, such as *bi-rodjan*, to murmur, is omitted. To compile a work of this sort, however, requires a lifetime of specialization and study if it is to be absolutely free from error, and demands keener scholarship in Latin, Greek, and scholarship than Dr. Balg as yet possesses. Nearly a hundred pages of appendices and corrections, word-lists, etc., complete the work, which contains an appreciative preface from Prof. March in grotesque phonetic spelling. Several conflicting methods of English orthography, indeed, disfigure the work.

Poetry and Verse *

IN THE COMPLETE edition of Mr. John Hay's 'Poems' (1) which has lately been published, the 'Pike County Ballads' are rightly given the place of honor. The thirty pages devoted to them will be sure to outweigh the remaining two hundred and forty pages of poems when placed in the balance of popular taste and opinion. These ballads, on which the author's reputation as a poet was made, have in them certain qualities which endear them to the human heart the world over. Among the other poems we find nothing better than the 'Song of the Temple,' and this sonnet, entitled 'A Haunted Room':—

In the dim chamber whence but yesterday
Passed my beloved, filled with awe I stand;

* A Comparative Glossary of the Gothic Language, with Especial Reference to English and German. By G. H. Balg, Ph.D. With Preface by F. A. March. \$4.50. New York: B. Westermann & Co.

† 1. Poems. By John Hay. \$1.25. Boston and New York: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. 2. Song Spray. By Thomas Stephens Collier. New London, Conn.: Carl J. Viets. 3. Wordsworth's Grave, and Other Poems. By William Watson. London: T. Fisher Unwin. 4. Christmas Carillons, and Other Poems. By Annie Chambers-Ketchum. New York: D. Appleton & Co. 5. Nadeschda. Translated by Mrs. John B. Shipley. New York: John B. Alden. 6. Golden-Rod. By G. W. Crofts. Omaha: Nye & Johnson. 7. Messalina; A Tragedy in Five Acts. By Algernon Sydney Logan. St. Phila.: J. B. Lippincott Co. 8. Ekusis. Chicago: Privately Printed. 9. Sacred Idyls. By Prof. James Strong. New York: Hunt & Eaton. 10. The Sea King. By J. Dunbar Hylton, M.D. Palmyra, N. J.: J. D. Hylton. 11. Flowers from a Persian Garden. By W. A. Clouston. London: David Nutt. 12. Poesias. By Francisco Sellén, 77 William St., New York: A. Da Costa Gomez.

And haunting Loves fluttering on every hand
Whisper her praises who is far away.
A thousand delicate fancies glance and play
On every object which her robes have fanned,
And tenderest thoughts and hopes bloom and expand
In the sweet memory of her beauty's ray.

Ah! could that glass but hold the faintest trace
Of all the loveliness once mirrored there,
The clustering glory of the shadowy hair
That framed so well the dear young angel face!
But no, it shows my own face, full of care,
And in my heart is her beauty's dwelling-place.

The verses of Mr. Thomas Stevens Collier are familiar to all who read the newspapers, and are occasionally to be found in the magazines. A number of them have been collected by the author and published under the modest title 'Song Spray' (2), making a volume of one hundred and seventy-five pages. Mr. Collier generally writes agreeably: his lines are smooth, and his similes pleasing if not striking. The kinds of verse he is at his best in are quatrains and sonnets, of which there are numerous examples in this book. Here are a few of the quatrains which we like:—

TO-MORROW

'To-morrow I give to Love, and the Lord;
But to-day is Fame's,' he said:
And the morning shone on a broken sword,
And a mail-clad warrior, dead.

INSPIRATION

Amid the shadows of a starless night,
Whose sombre gloom filled all the cheerless place,
There swept a sudden glory, and the light
Gave to my soul one sweet impassioned face.

TIME

Time has no flight,—'tis we who speed along;
The days and nights are but the same as when
The earth awoke with the first rush of song,
And felt the swiftly passing feet of men.

The best sonnets are in the group entitled 'Arms,' but there are plenty of others worth reading. The author tells a story in verse well, and there is a wealth of color in all his work. If we should classify his poems we should put them on the same shelf with those of Mr. Edgar Fawcett, of whose work we are frequently reminded in these pages. The book is neatly printed, but the proof-reading has not been done as carefully as it might have been.

'Wordsworth's Grave, and Other Poems' (3) is a small collection of verses by Mr. William Watson, published in the attractive Cameo Series. Many of the author's sonnets are excellent, and the main poem, from which the book takes its title, is good; but this tiny lyric is a genuine cameo.

When birds were songless on the bough
I heard thee sing.
The world was full of winter; thou
Wert full of spring.
To-day the world's heart feels anew
The vernal thrill,
And thine beneath the rueful yew
Is wintry chill.

And here is a quatrain that is felicitous:—

Brook, from whose bridge the wandering idler peers
To watch thy small fish dart or cool floor shine,
I would that bridge whose arches all are years
Spanned not a less transparent wave than thine!

A picture of Grasmere churchyard serves as a frontispiece to the volume.

'Christmas Carillons, and Other Poems' (4), by Mrs. Annie Chambers-Ketchum, is a book of two hundred pages. The poems are of a semi-religious character and are pleasant reading. A number of illustrations are distributed through the volume and do not add to its attractions.—Mrs. John B. Shipley has translated from the Swedish a poem in nine cantos, by Johan Ludvig Runeberg. Its title, 'Nadeschda' (5), is hard to pronounce, and the translation is hard to read.—Mr. G. W. Crofts' verses are collected in a hide

ous looking book, and entitled 'Golden-Rod' (6). The verses are as commonplace as the flower, and far less attractive.

Mr. Algernon Sydney Logan's 'Messalina' (7) is a tragedy in five acts, and is rather better than the average modern attempt in this field of dramatic literature. Mr. Logan is the author of several books that have been well received, and the present volume, attractive as to contents and general make-up, is a worthy addition to the number. 'Eleusis' (8) is the title of a small volume of verse constructed on the metrical model used in 'In Memoriam.' The author is anonymous, and his many-stanzaed poem is somewhat pessimistic. 'The Eternal Questioning, Whence and Why?' gets no answer from the writer, whose closing lines are

Bruised, bleeding, blind, I groan and sigh,—
The Eternal Silence answers back,

A metrical version of Solomon's Song, with appropriate explanations, is given to the public by Prof. James Strong, in a volume entitled 'Sacred Idyls' (9).—About one half of the book is devoted to the Introduction and an Elucidation, and the metrical version is copiously annotated.—'The Sea King' (10) is a tale of the Crusade under Richard I. It is in seven parts, and covers nearly 300 pages with about twelve thousand lines. The author, likewise the publisher, is J. Dunbar Hylton, M.D. On the title page we observe the motto 'Tant que je puis,' and we are disposed to add 'et pas davantage.' This is one of the books which only the authors can have courage enough to read.—11. A volume of Mr. Clouston's 'Flowers from a Persian Garden,' received from Messrs. Scribner & Welford, has already been favorably noticed in THE CRITIC (May 24).

The 'Poesias' of Francisco Sellén (12) comes as a fresh reminder of the lyric gifts which mark so many of the children of Cuba. Sellén is like the great Heredia whom he admiringly sings in being an exile from his native island, in publishing his poems mostly in New York, and in being deeply penetrated with a consuming love for Cuba, both as a land where nature is resplendent, and a country under the heel of the oppressor. Like the greater part of the nature-poetry of Spanish-American production, however, like even that of the famous Cuban poetess, Gertrudis de Avelaneda, Sellén's is almost wholly exclamatory and external; it seems as if the overpowering luxuriance of nature in the tropics dominated the imagination, instead of wooing it, and left no place for the interpreting spirit to read its own experiences in its surrounding sky and earth. Whether it is to a more grudging nature, or to more self-assertive poets, that the philosophic nature-poetry of our language is due, we will not undertake to say. In the second part of the volume under notice, which consists, as the author tells us, of later poems than those printed in the first part, reflection goes more often hand in hand with observation, and a finer product is the result. It is in the lyric poems, however especially in the patriotic outbursts, that the little book, has its chief poetic merit. We would particularly mention the 'Ode to Cuba in the Days of her Humiliation,' beginning, 'Sad Niobe of the western seas, Queen of the burning zone, with palm-trees crowned.'

Theological Literature

A BOOK likely to be far more powerful in compelling the revision of the old dogmatic symbols, than any direct, formulated attack, is the Rev. Dr. Newman Smyth's 'Personal Creeds; or, How to Form a Working-Theory of Life.' The little volume is built upon the idea so felicitously expressed by Whittier:

And simple trust can find Thy ways,
We miss with chart of creeds.

Dr. Smyth holds that towards the whole New Testament prophecy of the last things (or, technically speaking, eschatology), the average Christian stands very much as did the Jew of Christ's time toward the coming Messianic world-age. The Christian teachers who measure Christ's words concerning the future, as the

scribes applied rule and square to the prophets, are equally blind, misleading guides to the Kingdom of Heaven. 'A book of prophecy, from its very nature, cannot be made over into a body of dogmatics without violence. The Christian prophecy of the far heavenly things is not a whole astronomic science, but rather it is a mariner's observation of the stars, true enough and practical enough to keep him from wreck and loss.' The book is very helpful, and will prove an admirable guide to those who wish to grasp eternal realities, rather than those transient forms of truth which every age makes anew, while casting aside the old shells. The matter is rich and suggestive and the style luminous, forceful and decidedly readable. (\$1. Charles Scribner's Sons.)

THOUGH THE General Assembly of 1890 has drunk its Saratoga water and gone home, the little book on revision now before us is not too late for readers. The time of threshing is not yet over, and this sheaf of ten papers contains over two hundred pages which are like stalks well headed with solid grain. 'How Shall We Revise the Westminster Confession of Faith?' is the title of a bundle of papers by seven prominent Presbyterian leaders—Evans, Vincent, Hamilton, White, Parkhurst, Thompson and Briggs. Three of the ten essays are furnished by the last named—Prof. Charles A. Briggs, the author of 'Whither?'—who also gives us an appendix which is of permanent value, no matter what form 'revision' (which probably means a new creed) will take. All the citations used as 'proof-tests' for buttressing the statements of the Westminster dogmatic symbols are here arrayed, the number of times each one is used is stated, and the summary of citations from each division of the Bible is shown at a glance. This chapter is a striking contribution to the history of homiletics, for while some of the texts are shown to be overworked to the last degree, there are others vastly more important which 'glare by their absence'; Esau, and the clay and the potter are examples of the former class. Apart from its timeliness and value to a single sect, the book is of interest to all who are studying currents or taking deep-sea soundings in the ocean of truth. (\$1. Charles Scribner's Sons.)

FROM *The American Church Review* the Rev. John Henry Hopkins, S.T.D., has reprinted his articles 'On Romanism.' The substance of the controversy between Monsignor Capel and Dr. Hopkins lies between the two books, one by Dr. Littledale, entitled 'Petrine Claims,' and the other by M. Capel, called 'Catholic: An Essential and Exclusive Attribute of the True Church.' Dr. Hopkins's articles form a strong and well-stated summary of the question, which will ever be of intense interest to Catholics, whether of Greek, Roman or Reformed Christianity. Frankly, as a literary critic, however, we think the discussion is not calculated to advance practical religion, and the personalities are needless. (\$1. Thos. Whittaker.)—'THE TRIAL OF JESUS from a Lawyer's View,' by C. H. Blackburn, is a pamphlet which calls attention to the violations of Hebrew and Roman law in the arrest, trial and crucifixion of Christ. It summarizes the accounts in the Gospel and presents the theme with clearness, but in treating of the main point of scholarly interest—the Jewish penal law—it gives no references and shows little indication of critical learning. (50 cts. Cincinnati: Robert Clarke & Co.)

WE ARE GLAD to see and welcome a second edition of Rev. Dr. J. I. Mombert's excellent 'Handbook of the English Versions of the Bible.' In fourteen chapters, the author's massive and minute learning shows to excellent advantage in his racy account of the use of what we may call sacred English. A study of this work really amounts to a liberal course of culture in the noble language which is ours. All the versions—Anglo-Saxon, Early English, Wicliffe, Tyndale's, Coverdale's, Matthew's, Taverner's, the Great, the Geneva, the Bishop's, the Douay, the 'Authorized' and the Westminster or 'Revised' version—come under review and criticism. Except that the printing of this edition is not so good as that of the first, because type-faces, like those of human beings, wear away and lose their smoothness, the book, for its sterling contents, merits the highest praise. The proof-reading is wonderfully well done, the matter well arranged, the scholarship of the first order, and the indexes make it a book to lie at the minister's and Bible-student's elbow. Though not sparing of his criticism of the Revised Version, we imagine that a perusal of Dr. Mombert's invaluable book will make both the trained scholar and the average minister and layman very cautious in his strictures on the work of the revisers, and will increase appreciation of this list of the grand endeavors to put into the noblest of Occidental languages the thoughts of those Orientals whose words still make stale so much of the press issues of yesterday. (\$1.50. D. Appleton & Co.)

ARCHDEACON FARRAR, who seems determined to illustrate the words of the Ecclesiastes to his son, concerning many books, again sends forth a volume of sermons. These, which have a preface and are dedicated to Mr. George W. Childs of Philadelphia, are collectively entitled 'Truths to Live By.' Of the twenty-four truths illustrated, fourteen are 'taught by St. John' and ten by St. Paul. Appended to the sermons are three rhymed Christmas carols, and another piece of poetry suitable for Easter. Nearly all these discourses concern themselves with doctrine, and one who desires to know the dogmatic position of the Archdeacon will find that this is perhaps the volume he has long sought. Dr. Farrar is not a typical logical reasoner, and his literary method is that of mosaic and decoration, rather than close and severe adherence to a text, or the development of an idea. In the present volume we have sermons of the literary and poetical type, rather than of the sort which are usually called doctrinal. The discourse on 'Christ a Ransom and a Propitiation' is a case in point, and also an illustration of the undeniable fact that Archdeacon Farrar's sermons are readable and popular, though hardly for the feeding of strong minds or for those who like to think for themselves. (\$1.25. T. Whittaker.)—A SECOND VOLUME of collected proverbs, aphorisms, saws, homely sayings, and phrases, ranging from poetry and wit to sentences of pragmatic bareness, bathos, and what Americans call 'chestnuts,' has been issued under the name of 'Salt-Cellars.' They are printed in good style, and are enclosed in neat binding, the editor and collector being the Rev. Charles H. Spurgeon of London. No other name, we imagine, could make this book, so full of dreary platitudes, sell; but we should not wonder to see on this second, as a few days ago we saw on the first collection, 'third edition.' (\$1.50. A. C. Armstrong & Son.)

THOSE WHO IMAGINE that interest in the study of vital religion has lost its hold upon earnest men may be influenced, probably, to a change of view by the fact that editors of successful popular magazines feel that the discussion of the topic in their pages is a necessity. Prof. George P. Fisher of New Haven was asked to contribute a series of four papers on 'The Nature and Method of Revelation' to *The Century*. The articles were remarkable for their fairness, clarity, charity and insight. They displayed the author's general grasp of the subject as viewed from a study of the whole range of Christian literature and history as well as his clear apprehension of the needs of to-day. The Professor seems to have a happy faculty of responding, with sympathy, to the craving of men's minds in our century, and in discerning what is vital in the forms of Christianity and what evanescent. His opinions and judgments will as certainly not suit those who have settled unchangeably into the theological fortifications cast up a century ago, but they will be helpful to those who stand along the lines of defense and advance which research and criticism have made necessary. To his magazine articles Dr. Fisher has added five other essays, on correlated themes, two of which concern themselves with Matthew Arnold and Prof. Huxley. Amid the negative and pantheistic streams of speculation flowing through popular literature, such a book is cheering as well as clarifying. The eternal headlands are kept in sight, and faith in the sober verities of the gospels is maintained for the reader who may be perplexed between the repulsive absurdities of scholasticism and the fascinating but delusive vaporings of negation. The combination of scholarship and original thinking with the graces of literary expression are very marked in this little volume. (\$1.25. Charles Scribner's Sons.)

PROF. J. MACBRIDE STERRETT, D.D., of the Seabury (Protestant Episcopal) School of Divinity at Faribault, Minn., has written a stimulating book entitled 'Studies in Hegel's Philosophy of Religion.' The American professor belongs to that growing number of Christian thinkers, among whom Dr. Wm. T. Harris stands conspicuous, who believe that Hegel's interpretation of the universe was theistic and Christian, and that this interpretation needs emphasis and illustration. Dr. Sterrett proceeds to expound Hegel's philosophy of religion in his own way—that is, to Americanize it. Without making use of the German philosopher's cumbrous terms and technicalities, he sets forth his ideas in clear, forcible, modern English. He is no slavish follower of his teacher, however, for he criticizes freely, as well as commends. The work is not a translation, but rather a transfusion. No consecutive line of reasoning is followed, and each chapter may be enjoyed by itself. The vital and formal idea of religion, theology, anthropology, and pantheism, the method of comparative religion, the classification of the pre-Christian religions, and absolute religion are among the themes treated. The final chapter discusses Christian Unity in America and the Historic Episcopate, and shows how far an Episcopalian is willing to go to meet his brethren in Christ of other names. The book is

an able treatment of a rich theme by an admiring but not slavish pupil of a great master. (\$2. D. Appleton & Co.)

REV. ROBERT S. MACARTHUR, pastor of the Calvary Baptist Church of this city, sends forth the first of a promised pair of volumes of sermons. 'The Calvary Pulpit: Christ and Him Crucified' is the collective title of the twenty-two sermons included in this initial volume. Some of these we have already read in *The Homiletic Review*; and we find in the others no less clearness, vigor and grasp upon the forms of truth commonly called 'evangelical.' Short, crisp sentences, pointed illustration, intense convictions, and undoubted earnestness, with a certain strong personal quality, characterize these sermons. They explain the power and popularity of this metropolitan preacher. (\$1. Funk & Wagnalls.)—THE MARKED characteristics of a critical scholar of the original Scriptures, of a practical Christian pastor, and of a keen man of affairs with observation and wits sharpened by long residence in a great city, appear in the Rev. Dr. Howard Crosby's little volume of sermons on 'The Seven Churches in Asia; or, Worldliness in the Church.' In treating his theme, Dr. Crosby seeks less the symbolical and speculative import of that part of the book of Revelation (so commonly called Revelations) than the direct practical lessons suggested by the text. One burden seems to him to be upon all the messages to the 'angels' of the churches, and to this one theme the preacher clings with a tenacity and directness that reminds one of Jonah in Nineveh. Against the prevailing worldliness, coldness and hypocrisy the metropolitan preacher is very earnest, and his courage and persistence are to be commended. His sentences are short and sharp, yet lack not grace and strength, being models for practical preaching in which no ammunition is wasted. (75 cts. Funk & Wagnalls.)

EIGHT CAPITAL LECTURES on 'The Work of the Ministry,' by Rev. W. P. Tilden, delivered at the Meadville Theological School in June 1889, are now given to the public in a handy volume. The substance of thought and point of view is that of a Unitarian clergyman, and many things deemed by others essential to a Christian preacher are not referred to in these lectures. The spirit of the author is excellent, and stress is laid on what he deems vital in the religious life. His platform is built on commonsense, and he shows clearly that ministerial success is not built on doubt, that mere discussions can never be real sermons, and that attacks on other phases of faith will not build up one's own form. The lecture on the influence of personal character is a powerful one. (\$1. Boston: George H. Ellis.)

WHEN, IN 1859, Mr. John Taylor of London issued his book entitled 'The Great Pyramid: Why Was it Built? and Who Built It,' his theory of the origin of the Pyramid of Ghizeh excited keen interest among both popular and critical readers. Mr. C. Piazzi Smyth, the Astronomer Royal of Scotland, after visitation and research in Egypt, elaborated still farther the theory, mingling with it much evangelical religion and apocalyptic speculation, and published his work under the title of 'Our Inheritance in the Great Pyramid.' Briefly stated, this theory maintains that this stupendous edifice was built directly under the superintendence of Deity, and that it supplies the data for all correct metrology, besides being a monument of incomputable value to astronomy, geography and history. It is a revelation from God, in symbol, of the truth of the atonement and sacrifice of Christ. Part I. of the book treats of the 'Geography and Exterior of the Great Pyramid,' Part II. of the 'History and Interior,' Part III. of 'British Metrology,' Part IV. of 'More than Science at the Great Pyramid' (the Biblical data), and Part V. of 'Personal and Future'; to all of which are added twenty-eight pages of appendices and index. Prof. Smyth thinks the British system of measures was derived from the Pyramid—hence 'our inheritance.' He is a hearty, not to say rabid, hater of the French metric system—or, as he calls one unit of it, the 'communistic French metre.' The book is a marvellous and fascinating compound of science, polemics, fancy, and apocalyptic speculation. There are twenty-five plates, all of great interest, and in this fifth edition the text has been reduced from 664 to 445 pages, with the introduction of new matter. (A. D. F. Randolph & Co.)

ONE OF THE BEST administered trusts committed to an educational institution in this country is the Lectureship on the Lyman Beecher foundation in the Yale Divinity School. Some of the most eminent preachers of the United States have given courses of lectures on the general subject of preaching, before the New Haven theological students. Among these have been Henry Ward Beecher, Phillips Brooks and Bishop Simpson. Yet of all the volumes issued we count none superior to 'The Philosophy of Preach-

ing.' The Rev. A. J. F. Behrends of the Central Congregational Church of Brooklyn was the lecturer, and his addresses were delivered in February of this year. Brevity is the soul of wit; and the author will doubtless be repaid in the longevity of the writings which he has compressed within 234 pages. Not out of other books or from standard authorities have these kindling pages been compiled: they bear on their face the evidence of having come directly out of actual experience. Their distinct note is that of manliness. Dr. Behrends makes no apology for being a preacher and believes in the superiority of the living voice over all other methods of transmission of thought. He treats of the personal, ethical, Biblical, spiritual and practical element in preaching, devoting two lectures to the philosophy proper. The literary form and quality of his work are of the best, and in the library on homiletics it must stand on the first and most easily reached shelf. It is a pocket volume which students will eagerly read as being both timely and of permanent value. (\$1. Charles Scribner's Sons.)

Shakespeareana

EDITED BY DR. W. J. ROLFE, CAMBRIDGE, MASS.

Shakespeare's London Again.—In that vast eastern quarter of London beyond the Bank, whither few tourists penetrate except to visit the Tower, stands Crosby Hall or House, perhaps the most interesting edifice in the metropolis associated with Shakespeare, and withal one of the best specimens of the domestic Gothic architecture of the 15th century in all England, and the only one left in London. I must confess to having made several visits to the city before I knew of its existence, for it is mentioned in few of the local guide-books and in no biography of Shakespeare, so far as I am aware.

Crosby House was built in 1466 by Sir John Crosby, 'grocer and woolman,' knighted by Edward IV. in 1471. Stow describes it as a 'great house . . . built of stone and timber, very large and beautiful, and the highest at that time in London.' A few years after Sir John's death in 1475, Richard Duke of Gloucester occupied the mansion. Shakespeare, in 'Richard III.' (i. 2. 313), represents him, after the strange wooing of Lady Anne, as bidding her 'presently repair to Crosby House.' Hither, too (i. 3. 345), he tells the murderers of Clarence to come when the deed is done; and here (iii. 1. 190) he asks Catesby to report after sounding Hastings as to 'how he doth stand affected to our purpose.'

At a subsequent period Sir Thomas More owned and occupied the grand old house for some years, and here he doubtless wrote his 'Life of Richard III.,' from which Shakespeare drew much matter for the play. In 1523 More sold the mansion to his friend, Antonio Bonvisi, an Italian merchant who had settled in London. In 1547 Bonvisi leased it to William Roper, who had married More's daughter Margaret,

her who clasped in her last trance
Her murdered father's head;

and here the family lived until driven abroad by religious persecution in the time of Edward VI., and again after their return in the reign of Mary.

In 1594 the place was bought by Sir John Spencer, Mayor of London, and a romantic story is connected with this period in its history. Sir John had a very beautiful daughter, and Lord Northampton, the first Earl of that name, was one of her wooers. She favored his suit, but her father did not, and forbade him even to enter the house. One morning Sir John met the baker's boy at the door with his covered barrow, and in the goodness of his heart gave him a sixpence, little weening that it was the lover in disguise carrying off the fair Elizabeth in the barrow. When he found out the trick too late, he swore that his daughter should never have his forgiveness or a penny of his great fortune. But a year later Queen Elizabeth is said to have beguiled Spencer into going with her to be 'gossip' to a baby in which she told him she was particularly interested; and, to make a long story short, the result was that the truant daughter was forgiven after all, and inherited her father's estates after his death. Lord Northampton built a stately monument to his 'well deserving father-in-law' in Great St. Helen's hard by; and Sir John Crosby's tomb may be seen in the same ancient church.

Crosby House had other famous tenants, and among them the Countess of Pembroke, whose epitaph Ben Jonson wrote. But in more recent times its fortunes have been singularly varied. In 1672 it became a Presbyterian meeting-house, and later a warehouse. After being degraded to sundry other uses, it was restored some years ago by a public subscription. It is now a popular restaurant, where I have lunched more than once in the great hall where Richard banqueted in the olden time. This room is sixty feet long by about thirty wide, and the original timbered

roof is perfectly preserved. A beautiful oriel window extends from floor to ceiling on one side, and is filled with stained glass representing the armorial bearings of the ancient tenants of the house. Externally this part of the mansion, looking upon a small courtyard, retains its original form and finish, but the front on Bishopsgate Street is modern and commonplace.

In 1598 one William Shakespeare was taxed on a house in the parish of St. Helen's, Bishopsgate, and appears to have occupied it; but it is not certain that it was the dramatist, though he must have been familiar with the neighborhood, and was probably a frequent visitor at Crosby House when it was the residence of 'Sidney's sister, Pembroke's mother'—the Pembroke to whom so many of the Sonnets were addressed.

Deighton's Edition of 'Macbeth.'—Messrs. Macmillan & Co. have just published a neat school edition of 'Macbeth,' prepared by Mr. K. Deighton. It is on the same general plan as the Clarendon Press series of Shakespeare's Plays, but the introductory matter and notes show that the editor is no mere compiler and copyist, but an able and independent critic and commentator. The book is excellently printed, and has what English school editions generally lack—a good index. (50 cts.)

Mr. Appleton Morgan on 'The Society and the "Fad".'—No. 2 of the 'Fact and Theory Papers' published by Mr. N. D. C. Hodges, 47 Lafayette Place (20 cents), is an amplification of an address delivered in November last before the Shakespeare Club of New York City, by Mr. Appleton Morgan, on 'The Society and the "Fad".' The 'society' is the Shakespeare Society of New York, and the 'fad' is the Browning Society. The existence of the former is justified on the ground that it is 'productive of real benefit, because its purpose is to study the matter (the material) in which Shakespeare deals'; the latter is a 'fad,' and therefore 'tolerable and not to be endured,' because it is got up merely to study 'the method and form' of the poet. Mr. Morgan does not deny that Browning may be a great poet, but takes him and his poetry as illustrations of a literary crotchet of the day—the formation of societies to analyze and criticise the works of a writer of our own time. Mr. Morgan is president of a Shakespeare Society which is doing excellent work, especially in the preparation of the 'Bankside Edition' of the poet, of which the ninth volume, devoted to 'Othello,' has just come from the press. As I happen to be president of a Browning Society—an honor that has been lately thrust upon me—it is hardly necessary to say that I cannot fully agree with what he says of such associations. Even if, as he interprets Dr. Furnivall, the founder of the English Browning Society, as saying, they are organized because the poet 'was in danger of being neglected,' or because 'people could not readily ascertain whether there was anything in him to study,' they would not have been formed in vain. If they have accomplished nothing else, they certainly have helped to make Browning more widely known and better known than he might otherwise have been; and if, as Mr. Morgan himself does not deny, he is worth knowing, this is labor well bestowed. I do not see that it differs essentially from that of a Shakespeare Society.

The New Madison Square Garden

THE AMPHITHEATRE in Madison Square on the site of the old 'Garden' is now practically completed. It is the largest roofed-in place of amusement in the United States, having nearly double the seating capacity of the Chicago Auditorium, which is next to it in size. It occupies the full width of the block and nearly the full length, an ample entrance hall, a small theatre and some stores taking off part of the space at the Madison Square end. This leaves an interior so well proportioned that it looks not nearly so large as it really is. It seats about 8000 people. The roof, of very flat elliptical sections, is supported by open steel pillars, which, as well as the girders and the roof itself, are painted cream color. The walls are colored a light shade of terra-cotta red, and the hangings of the boxes are in plush of a somewhat deeper red. The effect is bright and cheerful, the great structure being practically so much unencumbered space enclosed by walls and a roof that do not seem to obstruct the eye. When the large skylight in the middle of the roof is slid back, as it will be in very warm weather, it will be difficult to avoid the impression that one is in the open air. For the first performance—a grand ballet—the farther end of the ellipse was cut off by a painted proscenium, the only opening in which is that of the stage. The lighting is by electric lamps disposed under the girders and in clusters along the sides and in front of the boxes. The wide entrance hall, which precludes all idea of a crush or a panic, is one of the most ornamental features of the interior. It is wainscotted with light colored marble with trimmings.

of Mexican onyx, and has a classical cornice in very low relief. The exterior of the huge building pleases as much by its simplicity as by any other quality. When we think what *might* have been put up to replace the ill-favored old Garden, we cannot be too grateful that the work was placed in the hands of architects who are artists also, and not simply mechanical engineers. Mr. Stanford White, of the firm of McKim, Mead & White, is chiefly responsible for the architectural beauty of the building.

Some ten thousand people, many of them distinguished, many of them locally well known, attended the opening of the Garden on Monday evening; and while every one could see Eduard Strauss and the forty-three musicians who compose his famous band, the greater part of the huge audience could do little more; for the music of all but the loudest instruments was 'swallowed in vastness, lost in silence,' if not 'drowned in the deeps of a meaningless past.' To all eyes the *coup d'œil* of the vast and brilliantly illuminated auditorium, crowded to the roof with men and women not uniformly clad in black, but showing a fair proportion of gay colors, was stimulating and impressive; but it needed a powerful glass to bring within recognizable reach of persons occupying seats on either side of the hall the faces of friends on the other. From the boxes at the Madison Avenue end, the performers at the eastern extremity of the auditorium looked like little boys. Field-glasses were at a premium, and ear-trumpets would have been snapped up at fancy prices, had a peddler appeared on the floor of the house with a pack of them on his back. Without artificial aid to the sense of hearing, the music seemed to proceed from a phonograph. Occupants of seats near the top of the building were more fortunate in this regard than those who had paid more for the privilege of being nearer the ground. Those who sat within a reasonable distance of the orchestra were bewitched by its playing of the Strauss music, and recognized a quality in the performance, a certain sprightliness, grace and *abandon* that distinguished it from the interpretation of the familiar pieces by any other band, admirably as other bands have rendered them. But forty-three performers are too few for such a hall as the Madison Square. An orchestra of a hundred pieces might make itself heard throughout the building, but even so large a band should be placed in the centre and not at one end of it. The ballet, 'Choosing a National Flower,' was a very pretty spectacle, but suffered, though vastly less than the music did, from the remoteness of the stage from the great body of spectators.

Boston Letter

RICHARD S. GREENOUGH, who arrived from Europe a few days ago, is one of the oldest and most distinguished of Boston sculptors, and like his contemporaries Story and Bell, has done most of his work in Italy. His Franklin, in front of the City Hall, is one of the best of our public statues, and the John Winthrop in Scollay Square is another of his works. A bronze group by Greenough, 'The Boy and Eagle,' in the Boston Athenæum, is full of spirit. Other well-known works of Greenough's are a 'Carthaginian Woman,' 'Cupid on a Tortoise,' 'Elaine,' 'Circe,' and a 'Psyche' erected as a monument to his wife in a cemetery at Rome. I recall the tributes which were elicited by his bust of Shakespeare founded on the Chandos portrait, and the praise which his Franklin drew from James Jackson Jarves, who, in his 'Art-Idea,' styles it an example of faithful portraiture, concealing nothing, exalting nothing, yet vigorous, natural, and effective. Richard Greenough is the survivor of two brothers highly distinguished in art: the elder, Horatio, the pioneer in sculpture in America as Allston was in painting, and designer of the colossal statue of Washington in front of the National Capitol; and the younger, Henry, a noted architect, who designed the Agassiz Museum at Cambridge and superintended the decorations of the New York Crystal Palace. He was the author, also, of two novels, 'Ernest Carroll' and 'Apelles.'

The light which scientific investigation has thrown upon the moral and intellectual development of persons deprived of sight invests with peculiar interest a book which Little, Brown & Co. will publish on June 25, entitled 'The Blind Musician.' The author is Vladimir Korolenko, the brilliant young Russian writer; the translator is Alice Delano; and an introduction is furnished by George Kennan. The book is a psychological study in which the inner life of the blind is analyzed, with a view of their trials resulting from their lack of sight. The subjects for the study are a blind girl whom the author knew as a child; a boy, a pupil who was gradually losing his sight; and a professional musician blind from his birth, of superior intellect, scholarship and refinement. Mr. Kennan says that Korolenko represents the most liberal, the most progressive, and the most sincerely patriotic type of Russian manhood. 'Stepniak' remarks that the story shows Korolenko's talent in a new light; but the most valuable tribute to its truthfulness and power as a

psychological study is furnished by Mr. Anagnos, Director of the Massachusetts School for the Blind, who, after praising its literary and artistic merits, pronounces it true to the conditions of the intellectual and physical development of this class of unfortunates. The book is finely illustrated by Edmund H. Garrett.

A timely volume is 'The White Mountains: A Study of Their Life,' by the Rev. Julius H. Ward, which is to be published by D. Appleton & Co. in two or three weeks. This is the first attempt to interpret the mountains in literature since Starr King's book appeared in 1860. It is the fruit of four or five summers in the mountains, and an effort to show how they respond to one's sensitive life. The author is a keen observer and ardent lover of nature, who discerns the underlying significance of its phenomena; and his book lifts the reader into the serene air of poetry and philosophy. It is full of inspiration and refreshment. Besides its value as a guide to the principal places in the mountains, it will be the means of stimulating an interest in their relations to the higher life of humanity, and thus tend to correct some of the depressing influences of our material civilization. The book grew out of contributions to the Boston Herald, but it has been so treated as to be entirely new and fresh. It will be a 16mo of about 300 pages, illustrated with a map and some pictures that have never been used before.

The 'Selections from Robert Browning' which Lee & Shepard are to publish this week fill a convenient volume of 350 pages, prepared by Mrs. Albert Nelson Bullens, a member of the Boston Browning Society, who has shown a good deal of discrimination in the selection and arrangement of her materials. Some of the author's latest productions are included, and there is hardly a poem in the book which does not help to convey an idea of Browning's higher characteristics. The volume will stimulate the reader's interest in the poet and lead to a broader and deeper knowledge of his works.

Artist life in Rome comes out picturesquely in 'Brushes and Chisels,' a story by Teodoro Serrao which Lee & Shepard have just published, and the changes in this life from that of a simpler time are vividly illustrated. The characters of the story are finely drawn, the local color of the scenes is effectively brought out, and the interest of what proves to be a tragic love-tale is kept up to the end. The trials and achievements of the great inventors are strikingly depicted in George Makepeace Towle's 'Heroes and Martyrs of Invention,' which has just been issued by the same house. In his graphic pages the sufferings and successes of these benefactors of the world are brought vividly to view and furnish a potent stimulus to emulation of their example.

D. C. Heath & Co. make an extensive exhibit of valuable educational books in various languages in their catalogue of publications for 1890.

Mr. J. T. Trowbridge, who has been in Europe for a year or more for the purpose of educating his children, was in Geneva recently, preparatory to journeying southward.

BOSTON, June 16, 1890.

ALEXANDER YOUNG.

The Lounger

I REMEMBER once, when I was a youngster, hearing a member of the firm of Harper & Bros. say that no time was gained by writing a business letter hurriedly, and that none so written was allowed to leave their office. I have often thought of this when 'dashing off' a letter at lightning speed, and it has brought me down to a jog-trot; for I appreciate its truth. Any one who receives letters from the Harper establishment must be struck by the neat and legible hand in which they are written. It is a regular 'Harper hand,' and has descended, not only from father to son, but from employee to employee. Editors, clerks, book-keepers—all write it. It is rather an English hand, and is seen at its best in the letters written by Joseph W. Harper, Jr. Not only do these Harper letters give the impression of care in the writing, but there is an appearance of luxury about the cream-tinted double-sheet note-paper, with its generous margins and wide spacing between the lines.

IT HAS BEEN only during the past few years that the ordinary letter copying book, the kind used with water and a hand-press, has been seen at the Harpers'. Every letter of which it was important to keep a copy was copied by hand into a large red leather-bound blank-book, held together with a clasp that locked. Even now letters about which they are particular are copied with the pen rather than the press, as the latter gives the 'hurried' appearance which they try to avoid. If other business houses appreciated the satisfaction to their correspondents of a well written and plainly written letter, I think they would fall into the Harper plan. The type-writing machine makes the modern business letter plain enough, of course, but it robs it of all individuality.

THE VETERAN preacher, the Rev. Dr. Cyrus A. Bartol, sends me the following handful of 'memorable expressions.' 'None can be more so,' says he, 'than Washington's, so well quoted by Mr. Curtis: "The event is in the hand of God." That of John Quincy Adams, as he fell on the floor of the House of Representatives, "This is the last of earth," sublimely implied his religious faith. Webster's, "I still live," as he woke on his death-bed, was at once construed in an exalted sense. Grant's "Let us have peace" should, even farther than he travelled, go round the world. President Anderson's, "The man for me is the one that brings things to pass," is the best phrase for executive genius; and Dr. Wayland's, "The coffee is in the vocative," when that article was not on the table, circulated as a humorous scoring of every sort of inefficiency. In California, whoever succeeds well, in organizing a club, business-firm or church, is called a "rustler." Is it from the stir and noise of leaves? In New England, a competent agent "fills the bill." Is this from the briskness of our trade? East or West, a risky enterprise is a "boom." Is it that all on board ship must look out when the long spar swings in the wind? We say "The man behind gives weight to the words." But who invented the term "copperhead"? It sprang out of the grass into the air. "Eloquence," says Webster, "is in the man, the subject and the occasion." So was it with Lincoln's "With malice toward none, with charity for all." Is he not the only great actor on our political stage who uttered nought we wish to blot? No language in or out of the Bible more deserves to be blazoned than that which I cite. North and South will be one when they have learned it by heart.'

'THE ANNOUNCEMENT,' writes Mr. Rossiter Johnson, 'that an English dramatist is preparing for Lawrence Barrett a play on the subject of Thomas à Becket brings to mind the fact that there is already a good play having that subject and that title, by two American authors. "Thomas à Becket: A Tragedy," was written by Gideon H. Hollister and John D. Champlin, Jr., and the right to produce it on the stage was sold to Edwin Booth, who played it three times (in New Orleans, I believe) and then for some unexplained reason suppressed it. The play, with a score of short poems, some of which are exceedingly good, was published in a volume in 1866 (Boston, William V. Spencer). When the English author's play appears, it will be interesting to compare it with this. Mr. Hollister, whose chief work is a "History of Connecticut," died in 1881. Mr. Champlin is the well-known editor of the sumptuous art-cyclopædias published by Messrs. Charles Scribner's Sons.'

IN THE offices of most publishers, only a year or two ago, hanging under the placard which warned 'Peddlers and beggars' that they were not allowed on the premises, there hung another, bearing the legend, 'No translations wanted.' No matter how good the original or how well done the translation, the publisher did not want it. As a rule, the reason why a publisher does not want a certain kind of literature is that the public does not want it. Publishers do not regard themselves as missionaries, and they follow rather than lead the popular taste. It is evident, then, that there was no popular demand for translations a few years ago. But times and tastes change. Now the cry seems to be almost wholly for translations. Tourguéneff, Tolstoi, Ibsen, Maupassant, Daudet and the Spanish romancers, not to mention Marie Bashkirtseff, are the gods of our idolatry. And not only are these stars of the foreign literary firmament held up before us, but there is not a writer in France, Germany, Russia, Hungary, Spain, Poland, or the Netherlands, having any reputation in his own country, who is not known to us through translations. Everything that he writes is put into English at once. Even a translated serial is now running in a leading magazine. Some years ago the suggestion of such a thing as this would have been looked upon as madness. It would not surprise me now if it soon became as common as translation for book publication. For my part, I don't see why there should ever have been a prejudice against translated books—that is, if the translation was good.

THERE IS AS much difference between translations as there is between original books. One need go no further for an illustration of this than the two translations of Marie Bashkirtseff's Journal. The one by Mrs. Serrano reads like an original work, while the one from the West proclaims itself a translation on every page, and a poor translation at that. The book would never have made its success in English had the Western edition been the only one. There are some books that are only tolerable when permeated with the spirit of the writer. The Bashkirtseff Journal is one of these. A dry rendering into English makes it a tiresome performance. Another capital translation is that of Pierre Loti's 'Into Morocco,' by Mr. Robins, published during the past winter. Mrs. Wister, Clara

Bell and Mary J. Safford are too well-known by their work in this field to need mentioning. It is not only a knowledge of the language translated from that makes a good translator: it is a certain knack in interpretation of another's style. At its best it is more than a 'knack': it is an art. And it is an art of which Henry James, among others, is a master.

THE SIGHT of the red leather cover of 'A Satchel Guide to Europe' on my desk fills me with the usual longing for a trip across the ocean that takes possession of most good Americans at this time of the year. I turn its pages, and memories of a never-to-be-forgotten summer vacation rise before me. How much more the names of the places of note upon the page mean to me than they do to one to whom they are a hope rather than a memory. 'Warwick Castle'!—and instantly the picture of that noble pile rises before my eyes. The drizzling day we drove over there from Leamington; the little window where we paid our two shillings to enter the grounds; the lodge at whose kitchen fire we dried our clothes; the old lodge-keeper who had held his proud office for so many years; then the walk up to the Castle between the vine-covered walls; the peacocks strutting on the lawn; the castle itself as it burst upon our sight from the court-yard gate; the droning voice of the guide to whom we paid our fee, and his injured look when we asked him to let us off from hearing the rest of his tale about Queen Hanne; the drive back to Leamington, and the garrulous coachman who wanted to know so much about our new country, and who was so little interested in the old one to which he belonged,—all this and much more passed before my mind's eye. So it was with every page—always something to recall that wonderful trip and fill me with longings for another. The appetite for European travel is one that grows with what it feeds on.

Native Races at the World's Fair

PROF. F. W. PUTNAM of Harvard, as we see by the *Tribune* of Chicago, has made a good suggestion in the matter of the Columbian Exposition, which it is proposed to hold in that city. A great attraction at the French Exposition, last year, as he reminds his hearers, was the reproduction of human habitations from primitive to barbaric and early classical times. Taking a hint from this feature of the Paris show, Mr. Putnam would have at the Chicago fair 'a perfect ethnographical exposition of the past and present peoples of America,' a 'first bringing together on a grand scale of representatives of the peoples who were living on the continent when it was discovered by Columbus.' Considerable time and several hundred thousand dollars would necessarily be expended in getting together this collection of human beings and their habitations, as the Arctic Circle and Terra del Fuego would have to be visited, as well as the homes of all the native peoples lying between these northern and southern bounds. We quote Prof. Putnam's own words:—

In many cases a habitation and all it contained could be secured and brought away to be reërected here. In other instances models of houses would have to be made, and in many cases where the change to civilized conditions has taken place, the older inhabitants of the tribe would have to be induced to build such a habitation as their fathers lived in; while from all, by study and much hard labor, there would have to be secured all things possible relating to the customs and arts of a people before contact with the white race had changed their ways of life. With a large proportion of the American tribes the present is a period of change, and to make such a collection as is proposed it is now or never. Another World's Fair could not secure such an exhibition. The time will have passed when it was possible.

It would also be required that models of the prehistoric earth-works of the Ohio Valley and other parts of the country should be made from actual surveys and sketches, and even these great monuments of pre-Columbian times are fast disappearing, so rapidly in fact that in a few years there will be only, here and there, one which has been preserved to tell the story of the past.

With all these models, casts, and reproductions of the dwellings, religious and other structures, of which allusions have been made to only a few, there should be collections illustrating the arts and culture of the prehistoric peoples as well as of those pertaining to the present tribes, and for this purpose extensive explorations would have to be made at several places.

Going still further back in time to the earliest epoch to which man has yet been traced on the American Continent, there should

be a collection to represent that time; the conditions under which man was living along the southern border of the great ice sheet which covered the lower part of the region north of the Ohio River, and when he had the mammoth and the mastodon for his contemporaries. Skeletons of them and of other animals now extinct in that region, with restorations and paintings showing the probable conditions surrounding man at that early period of his existence in America, with examples of the rude implements of stone found in the beds of glacial gravel, would present a picture to the beholder which could but be impressive when contrasted with the present conditions and the high development of man in the same region.

To all this should be added during the Exposition representatives of the native tribes, both of North and South America; and of all the American peoples there should be accurate models made from casts taken and colored from life, which should be dressed in native costumes. Many other special points for the exhibition would also have to be carried out, particularly one showing the physical characters of the several people, as exhibited by their skulls or skeletons.

The ethnological and archaeological museums at Washington, Cambridge and New York are, in one direction or the other, endeavoring to form collections of the character here suggested, but not even the great National Museum in Washington has yet begun to be able to form such a complete museum of American ethnology as should be made. Is not this the grand opportunity for Chicago? If she will act now, and by a liberal expenditure of money, with the proper person at the head to plan and direct the whole—one who has broad aims and is capable of grasping all the details of the work,—there could thus be secured for Chicago an ethnological museum that would be without a rival, and one which could be readily maintained and enlarged to the great benefit of science and of the city.

"The Defamation of Charlotte Brontë"

TO THE EDITORS OF THE CRITIC:

A brief paper bearing this caption appeared in *The North American Review* for April, 1890. In it I expressed the opinion that Mr. T. Wemyss Reid, in his 'Charlotte Brontë: A Monograph,' had introduced the thin edge of a wedge, which, struck more boldly by Mr. Augustine Birrell in his 'Life of Charlotte Brontë,' and yet harder by Mrs. L. B. Walford in a recent letter to THE CRITIC, threatened to rend the reputation of a great and good woman. This article furnished the text of a longer in *The Speaker*, a London periodical of which Mr. Reid is the able editor. The paper in question is from his pen. In the second paragraph we have the information that his book has 'long been out of print in England.'

If it is still to be purchased in America, I at least cannot profit by the sale—thanks to the peculiar notions of morality entertained by those compatriots of [Marion] Harland who pursue the calling of a publisher.

American readers of this sprightly and interesting volume may congratulate themselves upon the just taste of a public that insists upon successive editions of a valuable contribution to popular biography. American writers who, like myself, have bought divers English editions of their own works, can sympathize with the chagrin that tempts Mr. Reid into the digression I have noted. His next shot is aimed more directly, but scatters wastefully:—

On what grounds does this American writer pretend to have found in the books of Mr. Birrell and myself a foul charge against the moral character of one whom I myself have described, probably before [Marion] Harland was aware of her existence, as 'one of the purest and noblest of her sex'?

Having, as a mere child, read 'Jane Eyre' in 1848, and since then eagerly studied every line written by, or of, Charlotte Brontë that I could procure in this country or in England, I can pass over the sarcastic irrelevance of the parenthetical slur.

It all arises, it appears, from my statement that the turning-point in Charlotte Brontë's career was her second stay at Brussels in the pension of M. and Madame Héger, and that 'its true history and meaning are to be found in "Villette," the master-work of her mind, and the revelation of the most vivid passages in her own heart's history.' . . . It is quite true that I did make the statement that the turning point in Charlotte Brontë's career was her second sojourn in Brussels. I made that statement upon authority which was not to be disputed—the authority of Charlotte Brontë's own letters, fortified by the testimony of her dearest friends. I did add to my statement words implying that in Lucy Snowe, the heroine of the wonderful tale of 'Villette,' might be found a portrait of Charlotte Brontë herself, and that the Paul Emanuel of the same story had his original in M. Héger, the principal of the pension in which Charlotte lived during her stay in Brussels.

Let us interweave with Mr. Reid's vindication, at this stage, a few sentences taken directly from the 'Monograph.'

The husband who awaited her was even then about to begin his long apprenticeship of love at Haworth. Yet none the less had her spirit, if not her heart, been captured and held captive in the Belgian city. It is not in her letters that we find the truth regarding her life at this time. The truth indeed is there, but not all the truth. The secrets of her inner life could not be trusted to paper, even though the lines were intended for no eyes but those of her friend and confidante. There are some things, as we know well, that the heart hides by instinct, and which even frank and open natures only reveal under compulsion.

Now for the revelation by the editor of *The Speaker* of the 'some things' thus darkly hinted at—a revelation which we are measurably braced to support by an ominous preamble which I also copy from the 'Monograph':—

The 'storm and stress' period of Charlotte Brontë's life was not what the world believes it to have been. Like the rest of our race she had to fight her own battle in the wilderness, not with one devil, but many. Some shallow judges may ever assume that Charlotte loses in moral stature when it is shown that it was not her horror at her brother's fall which drove her to find relief in literary speech. But the truth must be told, and for my part, I see nothing in that truth which affects, even in an infinitesimal degree, the fame and honor of the woman of whom I write.

Coming, by artistic degrees, and with bated breath, to the tautological 'truth,' let Mr. Reid himself declare it. Says the article before us:—

So in spite of her father's wish to the contrary, she went back to the Belgian capital. Undoubtedly one great attraction there was the brilliantly clever man who was at the head of the pension. What manner of man Charlotte believed him to be, will be seen by those who turn to the pages of 'Villette.' He was original, paradoxical, extremely able, and a wonderful talker. Charlotte Brontë, the poor Yorkshire governess, had met nobody like him before. He was certainly not the kind of man she was likely to meet with in those days in the homes of the West Riding manufacturers. So she bowed down before her 'master,' and meekly submitted herself to that rough but stimulating process of intellectual correction to which he subjected her, and which undoubtedly had much to do with the development of her natural gifts. . . . It was at all times a kind of fencing match between herself and her master; disagreeable at first, but by-and-by exhilarating; and when the exhilaration began to predominate, and she found that she could hold her own against the brilliant Belgian, is it wonderful that Charlotte Brontë got to like not only the task but the teacher? There never was any relationship between them but that of master and pupil. Nor was there ever any hint to the contrary. But that M. Héger exercised a certain amount of fascination over Charlotte in those days, and that she was inclined to idealize his character, and perhaps to exaggerate his powers, is certain.

At the risk of plunging myself irretrievably (in our brilliant essayist's opinion) into further and 'inconceivable depths of prurency' (*sic*), let me remark that all this—preface and explanation—means something, or less than nothing. The platonic affection of master and pupil cannot, even by the aid of 'the unclean imagination,' with which Mr. Reid freely credits me, be relegated to the dark closet in which the mature schoolgirl kept the 'secrets of her inner life,' the 'some things that the heart hides by instinct and only reveals under compulsion.' Still less does the severance of such a bond lead to 'total withdrawal far more than two years of happiness and peace of mind.' Are not the extracts I have given rather the natural introduction to Mr. Birrell's less ambiguous words?

Madame Héger became estranged. Miss Brontë got on better with the husband. In fact, although her shyness stood in the way of her wishes, she was one of those women whose sympathies go out easier to men than to those of their own sex, and whose intellects work better in male than in female company. Madame, in the opinion of her pupil-teacher, was an idolater; and what Miss Brontë was in Mme. Héger's, it is better only guessing!

Of my quotation of this passage, Mr. Reid asserts that in my 'anxiety to convict him,' I 'have printed certain words of Mr. Birrell's in italics, and calmly allowed my readers to believe' that they are his—Mr. Reid's. Referring to my paper in *The North American Review*, we read in so many words that 'Mr. Augustine Birrell, agreeing with Mr. Reid that Charlotte's true life is written between the lines in "Villette," oracularly advises those who thus read, to hold their tongues about their discoveries and surmises. 'He proceeds to divulge his discovery or surmise.' The cited quotation follows, after which I affirm, in words that should leave no cloud upon the international imagination, that the italics are my own.

The room courteously offered me in your columns will admit of no more extended dissection of Mr. Reid's editorial. I am content to rest the case upon what has been said. That his unlucky and, by his own showing, next-to-meaningless verbiage would prepare the American reader for Mr. Birrell's plainer talk of Charlotte's preference for her brilliant teacher above the wife whose unnameable suspicions sent the Yorkshire girl suddenly home, and this talk in turn for Mrs. Walford's lament over the 'warm, imaginative,

hungry and thirsty heart, beating against its bars, underrated and misunderstood by the man who was its ideal, with her climax of 'et voilà tout!'—appear to me as probable as when I wrote the protest in behalf of one whom I believe to have been as pure in thought as in deed.

MARION HARLAND.

SUNNYBANK, POMPTON, N. J., May 31, 1890.

Mr. Curtis on Woman's Capabilities.

AT THE twenty-fifth anniversary of Vassar College, celebrated on the 12th inst., Mr. George William Curtis was the orator. From his very interesting address the following is an extract:—

Our dogmatism in sheer speculation is constantly satirized by history. Education was not more vehemently alleged to be absurd for women than political equality to be dangerous for men. Happily our own century has played havoc with both beliefs, however sincerely supposed to be ordinances of nature. The century began with saying contemptuously that women do not need to be educated to be dutiful wives and good mothers. A woman, it is said, can dress prettily and dance gracefully even if she cannot conjugate the Greek verbs in *mí*; and the ability to calculate an eclipse would not help her to keep cream from feathering in hot weather. But, grown older and wiser, the century asks, as it ends: 'Is it then true that ignorant women are the best wives and mothers? Does good wifehood consist exclusively in skilful baking and boiling and neat darning and patching? No,' says the enlightened century; 'if the more languages a man hath the more man is he, the more knowledge a woman hath the better wife and mother is she.' And if any skeptic should ask, 'But can delicate woman endure the hardship of a college course of study?' it is a woman who ingeniously turns the flank of the questioner with a covert sarcasm at her own sex: 'I would like you to take thirteen hundred young men, and lace them up, and hang ten to twenty pounds of clothes upon their waists, perch them upon three-inch heels, cover their heads with ripples, chignons, rats and mice, and stick ten thousand hair-pins into their scalps. If they can stand all this they can stand a little Latin and Greek.'

Truth and experience laugh the question to scorn and scatter the cloud of foolish rhetoric about the sphere and duty and capacity and divine intention of women, as if upon that particular subject men were in the counsels of the Almighty and women were carefully excluded. There is no surer sign of a more liberal civilization and a wiser world than the perception that the bounds of legitimate womanly interest and activity are not to be set by men as heretofore to mark their own convenience and pleasure. The tradition of the lovely incapacity of woman reflects either the sensitive misapprehension or the ignoble abasement of man. The progressive amelioration of the laws that have always restricted her equality of right, the quick exposure and censure of statutes which still outrage the instinct of justice and fair play, the enlarging range of her industrial occupations, and, like towering icebergs melting in a warmer air, the vanishing in more generous thought of prejudices and follies of opinion that once seemed insuperable, these are those signs in the heavens that were held to be unmistakable and irreversible.

More visible, and perhaps in some sense more persuasive and conclusive than these, is the verdict of literature, which unconsciously records the highest and final judgment of an age. The women of to-day, as reflected in the genius of the philosophical historian and artist of current society whom we call novelist, is a very different figure from the woman of the eighteenth century novel. Indeed, that novel was not written for her. She was not expected to read it, and if we fancy Cowper and Mrs. Unwin reading 'Tom Jones' and 'Amelia,' we only see that Mrs. Unwin was very unlike the educated matron of to-day, while in Goldsmith's 'Vicar,' the purest idyl of them all, we still hear the tone of the time, the thin refrain of the baby-house in the nursery, 'Your best, your sweetest empire is to please.' It is a fresher air, a sweeter music that breathes through the English novel of to-day, and it is in the literature of the English tongue as in the feeling of the English-speaking race that we must look for the true contemporaneous position of woman.

In closing, Mr. Curtis paused to describe Margaret Fuller as he had first seen her:—'A scholar, a critic, a thinker, a teacher, a queen of conversation, above all a person of delicate insight and sympathy, the wisest of friends, of the utmost feminine refinement of feeling, and of dauntless spiritual courage, she seems to me still the figure of Woman in the Nineteenth Century, which was the title of her best known paper.'

International Copyright

Says *The American Hebrew* of June 6:—

It is said that the International Copyright Law failed to pass in the House because its advocates stigmatized too severely the conduct of those engaged in this nefarious business of stealing unprotected property. Even at the risk of further postponing the passage of such a measure, no advocate of it should refrain from properly excoriating those who seek to profit by such knavery. Of what use are morals as a potent factor in life, if the property of literary men shall not be safe from the rapacity of thieves, simply because the law has not yet labelled as theft the unauthorized use of the author's mental product? In the recent Consensus of Opinion concerning Prejudice against the Jews which we published, several Christian contributors suggested that the prejudice was in some measure to be traced to questionable commercial practices by some Jews. No one can trace to Jews any more glaring immoral business transaction than this continued practice of stealing from authors and publishers indulged in by representative, professed and avowed Christians.

The Fine Arts

Art Notes

A PORTRAIT of President Eliot, by Robert Gordon Hardie, ordered by the Harvard Club of this city, is exhibited in Boston at the galleries of Doll & Richards. Mr. Eliot, in his gown, is relieved against a golden-brown background. His mortar-board hat is on the table near him, and the coat-of-arms of the University is seen in the upper corner of the canvas.

—Henry Gardiner of Niantic, Conn., who has been awarded the highest prize for figure-drawing at the École des Beaux Arts, is the first American to receive this distinction.

—The Treasury Department has denied the application of President Henry G. Marquand of the Metropolitan Museum of Art for the free entry of a piece of antique tapestry and an enamelled copper basin, which, he says, are to be given in a short time to the Museum.

—Among the sculptors at the old Paris Salon which *L'Art* says 'ought to be examined' is a bronze figure of a baseball player, by Douglas Tilden of Chico, Cal.

—Next Friday will be a notable occasion at Christie's, for the Farnley Hall collection of Turner drawings is to come under the hammer. This, made from a tour up the Rhine in 1819, comprises thirty drawings and twenty-three other works.

—Next Autumn Mr. Frank Duveneck will take charge of the new school of arts at Cincinnati. It is proposed to grant \$1000 for foreign travel to the best student of painting at the school.

—The Painters in Pastel have removed their exhibition from Wunderlich's in this city to Earle's Gallery, Philadelphia.

—The Directors of the new Water-Color Club, a rival of the Water-Color Society, are J. M. Barnsley, Ralph E. Clarkson, Charles Warren Eaton, Ben Foster, Childe Hassam, Wilhelmina D. Hawley, Rhoda Holmes Nicholls, C. McChesney, W. M. Post, E. M. Scott, and Henry B. Snell.

Notes

'OUTINGS AT ODD TIMES' is the attractive title of a new book by Dr. C. C. Abbott, the distinguished naturalist, which the Appletons will issue in September. Dr. Abbott is one of the few authors who agree with the popular verdict on their works: his 'Wasteland Wanderings,' which he considers the best of his books, has sold much more largely than its mates. The author's only son, a mere youth, accompanies the Lumholtz expedition to Arizona as a professional archæologist.

—The sale by Bangs & Co. of the library of the late Franklin H. Tinker on Monday realized \$5785.59. The ninety-five Dickens volumes went to Mr. W. I. Russell for \$1056. Dr. I. V. Hewlett paid \$234.12 for the Bonaparteana (56 lots), and also bought many of the large-paper copies of other books. For the MS. of 'The Autocrat of the Breakfast Table,' for which Mr. Tinker had paid \$275 at private sale, Mr. Tristram Coffin gave \$315. Carlyle's 'Reminiscences of my Irish Journey,' in manuscript, was secured by Dodd, Mead & Co. for \$132. For Max O'Rell's 'Jonathan and his Continent,' 'very clearly and legibly written,' the price paid was \$13. Several of Rossetti's sonnets brought over \$5 each. Ruskin's preface to the reprint of Vol. II. of 'Modern Painters' went to an auto-graph-hunter who had \$25 to give for it; and Sir Walter Scott's 'Farewell Address,' written for Mrs. Henry Siddons when she was about to retire from the stage, was turned over to some one who

thought it worth \$62.50. A letter in the handwriting of the Rev. Isaac Watts, containing certain stanzas from the same pen, fetched \$11; while \$35.50 was accepted for two letters from Whittier, together with the manuscript of his 'Prophecy of Samuel Sewall.' On the whole the sale was a very successful one.

—The celebrated Parmelee collection of American coins, to which reference has already been made in these columns, will be sold by Bangs & Co. on June 25 (Wednesday), 26 and 27.

—The Harvard University examinations for women will be held on June 26, 27 and 28 in the Young Men's Christian Association building, at Fourth Avenue and Twenty-third Street. Two scholarships, one of \$300 and one of \$200, are offered for competition by the New York committee. All candidates are eligible to compete who pass the examinations here in accordance with the terms of admission to the Freshman Class of Harvard, and who intend to spend the following year in study at some college or professional school approved by the committee. Persons intending to compete for a scholarship must notify the secretary of the committee, at 32 E. Thirty-third Street.

—The Sargent Prize at Harvard (\$100), for the best metrical version of the twenty-ninth ode of the third book of Horace, has been awarded to Miss H. L. Reed of the Harvard Annex. This is the first time that Harvard men have been cut out by a woman in the competition for the Sargent prize.

—Miss Philippa Garrett Fawcett was not alone, it seems, in winning high distinction at the June examinations at Cambridge University, since Miss Margaret Alford has won first place in the classical tripos. Miss Alford is a niece of Dean Alford, famous for his critical edition of the Greek Testament. Her father, who is a preacher of distinction, is also a fine classical scholar, and has been his daughter's principal instructor in her studies. According to Mr. Smalley, Miss Fawcett was, in Mr. Stanley's absence, the lion of last week in England, her victory in the mathematical tripos, in which she came out 300 marks above the senior wrangler, having been more discussed than any other single topic. 'Even society interests itself in such a phenomenon, and at Lord Hartington's garden party yesterday afternoon, at Devonshire House, Miss Fawcett, who was present with her mother, was pointed out frequently and admiringly. The Prince and Princess of Wales and many other royalties were there, but it is not alleged that Miss Fawcett was presented to any of them.'

—After all, says Mr. Edmund Yates, 'the persuasive Pond has succeeded in inducing Sir Morell Mackenzie to lecture next October in some of the principal cities in America. Col. Pond offered 100l. a lecture for as many lectures as Sir Morell liked to give up to thirty, but the eminent specialist, as generally described in the newspapers, only consented to give fifteen lectures, and these are to be at the rate of 130l. a lecture, or, in other words, he will receive about 2000l. for fifteen lectures.'

—The *St. James's Gazette* says that a complete set of the proofs of Henry M. Stanley's forthcoming work, 'In Darkest Africa,' were obtained by some one who offered copies to an English paper and to two papers published in the colonies. The copies were accepted by the papers, but publication was thwarted by the issue of a circular by the house which is to publish the book, warning any person against publishing the work. In London the *édition de luxe* of 'In Darkest Africa,' issued at \$52, is already selling at a premium, though the book is not yet published. Copies cannot now be had for less than \$75. Major Pond has secured Mr. Stanley for a lecturing-tour in America, beginning in this city early in November. They have signed a contract for fifty lectures, and the number may be increased to a hundred. The sum paid is understood to be the largest ever given for lecturing. Mrs. Stanley will accompany her husband. Cannon Liddon is still considering a proposal to go to America, but it is thought to be unlikely that he will accept it.

—Mr. Ripley Hitchcock, whose writings on art subjects have long been read with interest in the columns of the *Tribune*, has ceased his journalistic labors and become the literary adviser of the Messrs. Appleton, as successor to the late Mr. Bunce. His retirement from the *Tribune* must be a severe loss to that journal.

—Count Tolstoi publishes an article in *The Universal Review* in response to numberless letters he has received concerning 'The Kreutzer Sonata.' He defends the morality of the book, and declares that society rots through wrong ideas of love, of which the physical, and not the spiritual, side is cultivated. Love's various developments, he says, are not a fitting object to consume the best energies of men. Poets and romancers have exalted love to undue importance. He declares further that service to God and humanity, to science, to art, and to one's country, is far beyond personal enjoyment.

—Mr. William H. Goodyear will shortly publish a 'Grammar of the Lotus,' in atlas form, including illustrations of about 2,500 details and objects. The cost is met by an English gentleman named Haworth, who has no personal acquaintance with Mr. Goodyear but whose interest and support have been secured by Miss Amelia B. Edwards.

—Burns's manuscript of 'Scots Wha Hae wi' Wallace Bled' was sold in London last Saturday, at auction, for 70l. The buyer is an American.

—An article on Avignon, Nîmes, Arles, etc. ('A Provençal Pilgrimage'), begins in the *July Century*. Miss Harriet W. Preston, translator of 'Mirèio,' the Provençal poem by Mistral, and a close student of the interesting life and literature of that region, is its author; and the text is illustrated by Pennell. Miss Viola Roseboro, author of 'The Last Marchbanks,' in a recent *Century*, will have a story entitled 'The Reign of Reason' in the next number.

—Messrs. Harper & Bros. and John W. Lovell Co. both publish James Payne's 'The Burnt Million.' *The Evening Post* quotes Mr. J. Henry Harper as saying that his house has published all of Payne's novels, has paid him over \$10,000 in royalties, and has sent him a remittance for the book in question. It also quotes Mr. Edward Lovell as saying that his house bought 'The Burnt Million' from Mr. Payne direct, and has a contract with him covering its sale in America.

—'How an Ocean Steamer is Managed' is the subject of an illustrated article by W. J. Henderson in *Harper's Young People* for June 24. A paper on the 'Training School for Recruits at Davids Island,' by Henry L. Nelson, with numerous illustrations by E. W. Kemble, will appear in the next *Weekly*.

—George Meredith's forthcoming novel is to bear the title 'One of the Conquerors.' Mr. R. L. Stevenson is expected in London in October. He intends to sell his furniture, carry his books with him, and fix his home permanently on his island estate in Samoa.

—Mr. R. L. Stevenson, writing from the 'Schooner Equator, at sea,' sends this note to prefix to his poem, 'The House of Tembinoka,' in the *July Scribner's*:—

At my departure from the island of Apemama, for which you will look in vain in most atlases, the King and I agreed, since we both set up to be in the poetical way, that we should celebrate our separation in verse. Whether or not his Majesty has been true to his bargain, the laggard posts of the Pacific may perhaps inform me in six months, perhaps not before a year. The following lines represent my part of the contract, and it is hoped, by their pictures of strange manners, they may entertain a civilized audience. Nothing throughout has been invented or exaggerated; the lady herein referred to as the author's muse has confined herself to stringing into rhyme facts and legends that I saw or heard during two months' residence upon the island.

—Oscar Wilde has written a novel which will appear in the *July Lippincott's*. This is his first novel. Mrs. Elizabeth Stoddard contributes a poem, entitled 'A Unit,' to the same number, and Mrs. Rose Hawthorne Lathrop also makes her appearance as a poet.

—Mr. George W. Childs has contributed \$100 to the fund for the purchase of Wordsworth's cottage at Grasmere, and expressed a desire to give more in case it should be wanted.

—Mr. Leslie Stephen has come to this country in hope that a sea-voyage will restore his health. He sailed for Boston and is to make a short stay in Cambridge before he returns. Mr. Stephen is to contribute the lives of Hume and Dr. Johnson to the coming volumes of the 'Dictionary of National Biography.'

—Mr. William Raeburn Jenkins, the well-known publisher of French and other books, died at his home in this city on Monday last. He was the son of William L. Jenkins, a New York jeweler, now retired, and was born in 1847. For some years he was the dramatic critic of *The Evening Telegram*. About twelve years ago he started a retail bookstore at Forty-eighth Street and Sixth Avenue, and later became a publisher as well as a bookseller and stationer. He had been married about eight years, and his widow, with three children, survives him. Mr. Jenkins was liked and respected, and his early death is generally regretted. He was a hard worker, and his death was probably due, indirectly, to an over zealous devotion to duty. Heart failure was its immediate cause, but he had been ill a long while.

—Joseph Hillmann, a Methodist layman of considerable note, aged sixty-seven, died last Saturday at Troy, N. Y. He was the author of 'The Revivalist,' a singing book, of which 150,000 copies are said to have been published; 'The History of Methodism in Troy,' 'How Can I Be Saved,' and 'Sunday-school Hymns and Choruses.'

—'Echoes from Niagara: Historical, Political, Personal,' by Mrs. Richard Crowley, will be published at an early day by C. W. Moulton of Buffalo.

—Dr. Joseph W. Howe, a well-known physician and surgeon, author of 'Emergencies, and How to Treat Them,' 'Winter Homes for Invalids,' 'The Breath,' and numerous encyclopædia articles, died of apoplexy last Sunday on board the Umbria. He was a consumptive, but had been in active practice until Saturday, when he started for Malvern Hills, England, where he intended to finish a medical work before attending the Medical Congress in Berlin. Dr. Howe was the son of D. P. Howe, of St. John, N. B., a lecturer, editor and the author of an English grammar. Until recently he was Professor of Clinical Surgery in Bellevue Medical College. He was forty-four years old.

—Mrs. Caroline Atherton Briggs Mason, who wrote the popular song 'Do They Miss Me at Home?' died on Saturday last at the Worcester (Mass.) Insane Asylum. She was born in 1823.

—Miss Lizette Woodworth Reese of Baltimore writes to us that the newspaper paragraphs stating that 'Edmund Clarence Stedman has recently visited Miss Reese at her home,' and that 'Mr. Stedman made an especial pilgrimage to Baltimore to see Miss Reese,' are not true, and as their publication 'is not fair to Mr. Stedman' she is exceedingly sorry they have appeared, and takes this means of contradicting them.

—The first number of the *Annals of the American Academy of Social and Political Science*—a quarterly review of politics and economics—will shortly appear in Philadelphia.

—G. & C. Merriam & Co. of Springfield, Mass., have brought suit in the United States Circuit Court to compel *Texas Siftings* to stop the sale of a dictionary which they claim is an infringement of their copyright of Webster's Unabridged—a reprint made from photo-lithographic plates of the edition of 1847. Purchasers, they say, have been deceived into buying the defendants' books as the genuine books of plaintiffs, to their damage in the sum of \$5000.

—Mr. A. C. Wheeler ('Nym Crinkle') has sold the right to publish his new novel, 'The Toltec Cup,' to the Lew Vanderpoole Publishing Company. The action and incidents of the story occur in and about New York. 'The Toltec Cup' will be issued this month.

—The students of the University of Michigan gave a performance of the 'Menæchmi' of Plautus at Central Music Hall, Chicago, on the 6th inst., before an audience of 600 persons. The play was acted entirely in Latin, the performers having been trained to speak the text by Assistant Prof. J. H. Drake, while Assistant Prof. P. R. du Pont was their dramatic coach. The libretto, containing text and translation on opposite pages, was prepared by Mr. Drake. The choice of play was excellent, the plot of Plautus's comedy (from a Greek original) being familiar to moderns through Shakespeare's 'Comedy of Errors.' The program was on parchment, wrapped around a stick, and tied with the university colors, mauve and blue.

—William Black's 'newspaper novel,' 'Stand Fast, Craig-Royson,' has an Omaha girl for its heroine, and Mr. Gladstone figures in it under the alias of Mr. Grandison.

—Longstreet Library, the memorial gift of Jonathan and Mary A. Longstreet to the Peddie Institute, Hightstown, N. J., was dedicated on Tuesday. It cost \$12,000. The shelves will hold 10,000 volumes, and now contain about 3,500, principally the gifts of Mr. Longstreet, William Bucknell, patron of Bucknell University, and Dr. Henry F. Smith of the Institute.

—'G. W. S.' cables as follows to the *Tribune* concerning the Edinburgh Public Library, given by Mr. Andrew Carnegie to that city at a cost of \$250,000, and opened on Monday June 9 by Lord Rosebery:—

The ceremony took place in the newsroom, and a thousand invited guests were present, with the Lord Provost of Edinburgh in the chair. Mr. Carnegie modestly preferred remaining in London. Lord Rosebery's speech was a speech on books and reading, and he did his best to rub out that thumbmark of the artisan which he left on the priceless treasures of Althorp. His statistics were not the least eloquent part of his address. The Library already numbers 60,000 volumes, which appear to have cost on the average just a dollar apiece. The library building is fine. The library itself is divided into lending and reference departments and a newsroom. The committee promise to spend \$10,000 a year on books hereafter. Mr. Wallace Bruce, the American Consul, was one of several other speakers. Mr. Carnegie's, said Mr. Bruce, is the most princely gift ever made by any one man to found a library, Mr. Astor's excepted. There is, at any rate, but one opinion in Scotland about the splendor and wise liberality of Mr. Carnegie, who gave Dumfermline a library before Edinburgh.

—The manuscripts of Wilkie Collins's novels and tales were to be sold at Sotheby's on Wednesday — 'Basil,' 'The Woman in White,' 'No Name,' 'Armada,' 'The Moonstone,' etc., and 'The Frozen Deep' (unpublished), which contains a number of corrections and additions and remarks in Dickens's handwriting, among them the list of the actors; and also the prompt-book, most of which is in Dickens's handwriting.

—On the 22d inst. the 450th anniversary of the invention of printing will be celebrated at Mayence. On the 24th, the natal day of Gutenberg, the Gutenberg Platz and the monument erected in his honor will be brilliantly illuminated. There will be a printers' demonstration in the open air, and the day's proceedings will conclude with a festive gathering in the Gutenberg Casino, which occupies the site of the house in which Gutenberg was born.

—Estes & Lauriat have in press a 'superb and unique' gift-book, 'The Eve of St. Agnes Illuminated Missal,' with highly colored decorations and borders, in the style of the missals made by the monks of mediæval times.

—Mrs. Erving Winslow's interpretations of Ibsen are meeting with even greater favor in London than in those cities here in which she read last spring, the enthusiasm for the Norwegian dramatist being of longer and stronger growth in England than here. 'The number of would-be hearers has become so great, it is said, that drawing-rooms are no longer large enough, but it has become necessary to select such a theatre as the Haymarket,' where she was to read on the 19th inst.'

—'Northern Studies,' by Edmund Gosse, is the latest volume in A. Lovell & Co.'s Camelot Series. It includes two essays on Ibsen's poems and social dramas which appeared originally in the magazines. Lives of Robert Browning and Lord Byron have just been added to the Great Writers Series.

—Mrs. Harriet Beecher Stowe was seventy-eight years old last Saturday. There were a few calls from personal friends; and in accordance with their usual custom, her publishers, Messrs. Houghton, Mifflin & Co., sent her a box of flowers. Mrs. Stowe's health is feeble, as it has been for the last two years. She is able to walk out of doors, and passes much of her time in the open air. She does not, however, appear in public places, and is constantly attended by her daughters.

—Miss Fannie Bean has had G. W. Carleton & Co. on trial before Judge Barrett in the Supreme Court this week, in a suit for \$2500 for breach of contract. She testified that in December, 1887, she took the manuscript of a novel called 'Dr. Mortimer's Patient' to Mr. Carleton, who promised to publish it, send 100 copies to the newspapers, and advertise it extensively. She was to give him \$900 for publishing the book, and that amount was to be paid back to her after the first 2000 copies had been sold. The book was to come out on January 20, 1878, but it did not make its appearance until February 14. It was not advertised, nor was it placed on sale, except in Mr. Carleton's place. No copies were sent to the newspapers. Mr. Carleton then told her that he did not intend to put the book on sale except to cash purchasers at his own place of business. Messrs. John W. Lovell, O. M. Dunham and David S. Holmes testified as to what is known as 'putting a book on the market,' and coincided in the opinion that Miss Bean's book was not properly handled. The evidence for the defence was confined to reading the testimony of Mr. George W. Carleton, given on a previous trial, and the examination of Mr. George W. Dillingham, Mr. Carleton's successor, who was, when the contract with Miss Bean was made, a member of the firm of Geo. W. Carleton & Co. The jury brought in a verdict giving Miss Bean \$1440.

Publications Received

Receipt of new publications is acknowledged in this column. Further notice of any work will depend upon its interest and importance. When no address is given the publication is issued in New York.

Abel, W. J. School Hygiene. 30c.....	Longmans, Green & Co.
American Historical Association Papers. Vol. IV. Parts 1 and 2. \$1 each.....	G. P. Putnam's Sons.
Baker, J. H. Elementary Psychology.....	Edinburgh Maynard & Co.
Balzac, H. de. Père Goriot. Tr. by Mrs. Dey. 50c.....	Chicago: Rand, McNally & Co.
Beard, W. S. Longman's Junior School Algebra. 60c.....	Longmans, Green & Co.
Brackett, J. R. Notes on the Progress of the Colored People of Maryland. \$1.	Baltimore: Johns Hopkins University.
Britton, W. The Civil War on the Border. \$3.....	G. P. Putnam's Sons.
Brooks, E. S. A Son of Issachar. \$1.25.....	G. P. Putnam's Sons.
Chisholm, G. G. A Smaller Commercial Geography.....	Longmans, Green & Co.
Darkey, A. V. Betty. 50c.....	F. F. Lovell & Co.
Duchess. A Born Coquette. 50c.....	J. W. Lovell & Co.
Duchess. April's Lady. 50c.....	Cassell Pub'g Co.
Gautier, T. Juanchito. Tr. by Mrs. Lewis. 50c.....	D. Van Nostrand Co.
Gerhard, W. P. The Disposal of Household Wastes. 50c.....	Longmans, Green & Co.
Haggard, E. Life and its Author. \$1.25.....	Longmans, Green & Co.
Ham, C. H. The Co-Education of Mind and Hand.....	College for the Training of Teachers.
Lilian. May Blossoms. \$1.....	G. P. Putnam's Sons.
Little, H. W. Stanley's Life, Travels and Explorations. \$3.	Phila.: J. B. Lippincott Co.
Morris, L. The Works of. \$2.....	Longmans, Green & Co.
Poor Richard's Almanac. Ed. by P. L. Ford. \$1.....	G. P. Putnam's Sons.
Seymour, M. F. Trovata. 50c.....	Chicago: Rand, McNally & Co.
Shakespeare, The Banksides. Vol. IX. Ed. by Appleton Morgan. \$2.50.	Shakespeare Society of New York.
Sparks, F. Longman's School Trigonometry. 80c.....	Longmans, Green & Co.
Stevens, T. Scouting for Stanley in East Africa. \$2.....	Cassell Pub'g Co.
Thornton, J. Advanced Physiography.....	Longmans, Green & Co.
Tinker, M. A. The Jewel in the Lotus. 50c.....	Phila.: J. B. Lippincott Co.
Weyman, S. J. The House of the Wolf. \$1.25.....	Longmans, Green & Co.